

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION OF PLAYS

A Picked-Up Dinner



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE W. BAKER.

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.

DRAMAS.

In Four Acts

Better than Gold. 7 male, 4 female char. 25

In Three Acts.

Our Folks. 6 male, 5 female char. 15

The Flower of the Family. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

Enlisted for the War. 7 male, 3 female char. 15

My Brother's Keeper. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

The Little Brown Jug. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In Two Acts.

Above the Clouds. 7 male, 3 female char. 15

One Hundred Years Ago. 7 male, 4 female char. 15

Among the Breakers. 6 male, 4 female char. 15

Bread on the Waters. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

Down by the Sea. 6 male, 3 female char. 15

Once on a Time. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

The Last Leaf. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In One Act.

Stand by the Flag. 5 male char. 15

The Tempter. 3 male, 1 female char. 15

COMEDIES AND FARCES.

A Mysterious Disappearance. 4 male, 3 female char. 15

Paddle Your Own Canoe. 7 male 3 female char. 15

A Drop too Much. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

A Little More Cider. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

A Thorn Among the Roses. 2 male, 6 female char. 15

Never Say Die. 3 male, 3 female char. 15

Feeling the Elephant. 6 male, 3 female char. 15

The Boston Dip. 4 male, 3 female char. 15

The Duchess of Dublin. 6 male, 4 female char. 15

Thirty Minutes for Refreshments. 4 male, 3 female char. 15

We're all Teetotalers. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

Male Characters Only.

A Close Shave. 6 char. 15

A Public Benefactor. 6 char. 15

A Sea of Troubles. 8 char. 15

COMEDIES, etc., continued.

Male Characters Only.

A Tender Attachment. 7 char. 15

Coals of Fire. 6 char. 15

Freedom of the Press. 8 char. 15

Shall Our Mothers Vote? 11 char. 15

Gentlemen of the Jury. 12 char. 15

Humors of the Strike. 8 char. 15

My Uncle the Captain. 6 char. 15

New Brooms Sweep Clean. 6 char. 15

The Great Elixir. 9 char. 15

The Hypochondriac. 3 char. 15

The Man with the Demijohn. 4 char. 15

The Runaways. 4 char. 15

The Thief of Time. 6 char. 15

Wanted, a Male Cook. 4 char. 15

Female Characters Only.

A Love of a Bonnet. 5 char. 15

A Precious Pickle. 6 char. 15

No Cure No Pay. 7 char. 15

The Champion of Her Sex. 8 char. 15

The Greatest Plague in Life. 8 char. 15

The Grecian Bend. 7 char. 15

The Red Chignon. 6 char. 15

Using the Weed. 7 char. 15

ALLEGORIES.

Arranged for Music and Tableaux.

Lighthart's Pilgrimage. 8 female char. 15

The Revolt of the Bees. 9 female char. 15

The Sculptor's Triumph. 1 male, 4 female char. 15

Thir Tournament of Idylcourt. 10 female char. 15

The War of the Roses. 8 female char. 15

The Voyage of Life. 8 female char. 15

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

An Original Idea. 1 male, 1 female 15

Bonbons; or, the Paint King. 6 male, 1 female char. 25

Capuletta; or, Romeo and Juliet Restored. 3 male, 1 female char. 15

Santa Claus' Frolics. 15

Snow-bound; or, Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene. 3 male, 1 female char. 25

The Merry Christmas of the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe. 15

The Pedler of Very Nice. 7 male char. 15

The Seven Ages. A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. 15

Too Late for the Train. 2 male char. 15

The Visions of Freedom. 11 female char. 15

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., 23 Winter St., Boston.

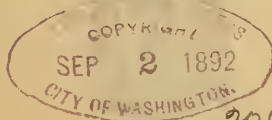
A PICKED-UP DINNER

A Farce in One Act

BY

HENRY OLDHAM HANLON

AUTHOR OF "A DOUBLE SHUFFLE"



BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1892

12

PS635
.Z9H2425

CHARACTERS.

MR. JOHN THOMPSON *A rich merchant.*
MRS. JOHN THOMPSON *His wife.*
BIDDY , ... *A servant.*

COSTUMES. — *Modern and appropriate.*

SCENE. — *Mr. Thompson's residence.*



COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

TMP96-007055

A PICKED-UP DINNER.

SCENE. — *An elegantly furnished drawing-room. Windows at back. Doors R. and L. Sofa, chairs, piano, etc. A small table at c. with a table-cloth almost touching the ground. BIDDY discovered laying table. Cold meat, bread and cheese, and a cracked pitcher with beer in it. Old-fashioned knives, forks, and plates, etc.*

BIDDY. Shure, I never heard tell of the like of it! Poor Mrs. Thompson! She was in her right mind yesterday, arranging about going West with Mr. Thompson, and here she is to-day as mad as a March hare! She didn't break out till this morning whin he had gone to business; and no sooner did she get shut of him than she goes clane off her head, and ups and tells the cook and James and the others that they might have the day off — that she only wanted me. And what do you think she wanted me for? Why, to set to and upset everything in the house! We tuk up the stair-carpet, turned the hall topsy-turvey, and locked up every room in the house but this one. Thin she opens a box in the closet up-stairs, and takes out these ould dinner things, and makes me lay the table here in the drawing-room with nothing to put on it but cold meat and beer and pickles and cheese. And they accustomed to sit down to the best of everything! Thin she ties a cloth over her hair, takes a feather brush in her hand, and goes about the house laughin' fit to kill herself. Poor Mr. Thompson! it'll be the death of him to see her carrying on like that. Here she comes, the poor soul!

(Enter MRS. THOMPSON at R. dressed in an old tea-gown, with her head tied up, and a feather brush in her hand.)

MRS. T. Well, Biddy, have you done everything as I told you to? Yes. I see you have. You can go now. Mr. Thompson will be here directly, and you need not come into the room until I ring for you.

BIDDY. Very well, ma'am. *(Going.)*

MRS. T. Biddy, one minute, please. I suppose you are surprised at what we have been doing to-day. Well, if you are, I don't wonder at it in the least. And I'll explain it all to you later on, but not now.

BIDDY. All right, ma'am. *(Aside.)* The poor demented creature! *(Exit BIDDY.)*

MRS. T. *(looking at table.)* There it is. Just as it looked for

a good many years after John and I got married — before he made that lucky hit in Gas, and we became rich. Ah, they were happy days for all our struggles! How often have John and I sat down to just such a plain little cold dinner as that — aye, and enjoyed it too, every bit as much as we do our grand dinners now! The cold meat and pickles, the bread and cheese, and the glass of beer for John after his hard day's work. He drinks wine now, when he drinks anything. I wonder what he'll say to it all! Will he be angry? No! I've no fear of that; he's the best-natured man alive; but won't he be surprised when he sees this dinner, and sees me dressed up like this. Here he is. I know his step. (*Busies herself at table.*)

(*Enter MR. THOMPSON at R.*)

MR. T. Why, Nellie, what in thunder is all this confusion about? I thought you told me that there was to be no house-cleaning till after we had left for the West. You know how I hate it! I had enough of it in the old days. And what! What! you don't mean to say we're to dine here. And you dressed like that, and such a dinner too! (*Looking closely at table.*) Why, Nellie, isn't it like one of our old-time dinners? What does all this mean?

MRS. T. Yes, John, that's just what it is, and what I meant it to be — one of our old-time dinners; and see, John, the same old knives and forks and plates that we used in days gone by.

MR. T. So they are. And the same old cracked pitcher.

MRS. T. And the same old beer, in it.

MR. T. Not the same old beer I hope, Nellie.

MRS. T. Of course not; but I remembered you used to say that a glass of beer seemed to warm up a cold dinner.

MR. T. Yes, and I used to think so too. But say, Nellie, you haven't answered my question: — What is it all about?

MRS. T. Well, John, when I promised you that there should be no cleaning till after we had gone, I had forgotten my precious china and ornaments. No, John, I could not bear to leave them to the tender mercies of the servants, for half of them would surely have got broken; and we never could replace some of them. So I just started in, and have been busy all the morning dusting them and packing them away, and I haven't finished my work yet. I only stopped when I remembered that it was near dinner-time, and that it was too late to have anything cooked. Then I recollected old times and got sentimental, I suppose, and thought that as we had to eat cold meat we might as well have it in the old style, when we were so poor and so happy.

MR. T. Why, Nellie, are we not happy now?

MRS. T. Yes, dear, very happy; but then there was something so delightful and romantic in our early struggles.

MR. T. 'Pon my word, Nellie, you make me feel as if those old days were back again! And — Oh yes that's so. — I must have my coat off to keep up the illusion. (*Takes off his coat.*) And I'm

as hungry as ever I was then. Let us sit down and feel sentimental and romantic. (*They sit at the table.*)

MRS. T. (*laughing*). Oh, John, fancy your pompous friends the Fortesque-Smiths seeing us now—eating a dinner like this! You in your shirt-sleeves and I looking the fright I do.

MR. T. (*eating*). I couldn't fancy it, dear.

MRS. T. And to think, John, that this is the very day that they were to have dined with us.

MR. T. Eh?—yes—So it is, my dear, so it is.

MRS. T. The very day. And oh, wasn't I glad when you found that you had to go to the West and that I was to write to them postponing our dinner-party. I declare, John, it was one of the happiest moments of my life when I gave you that letter to mail, telling them that important business called you away.

(JOHN starts, upsets his glass with a crash, and stoops down, rubbing his leg.)

MRS. T. What's the matter, John, are you ill?

MR. T. No, there's nothing the matter; only a momentary spasm at the heart.

MRS. T. Well, I've heard of some men wearing their hearts on their coat-sleeves, but I never heard of its turning up in that locality.

MR. T. I'm all right now. What was that you were saying, Nellie?

MRS. T. Only that instead of spending the evening cosily together as we are doing, if we had not sent that letter, you would have had to talk business with old Fortesque-Smith all the evening, and that odious Mrs. Fortesque-Smith would have come here criticizing everything on the dinner-table through her gold eyeglasses, and that hateful Miss Fortesque-Smith would have—Why, John, good gracious, do you know what you are doing! You are trying to butter your bread with cheese!

MR. T. Dear me, so I am! (*Begins stirring his beer with his fork.*)

MRS. T. John, are you crazy? Why, you are stirring your beer with your fork! Oh I see it all. (*Rises.*) This is your way of showing me how you despise my poor little sentimental dinner. It isn't good enough for you now.

MR. T. Oh, no, Nellie! It is quite good enough. It isn't that.

MRS. T. Oh, yes it is, you cruel man, and I'll not eat any more, and I'll leave you to yourself, and go on with my work.

(*Puts handkerchief to her eyes and goes toward door.*)

MR. T. Nellie! Nellie! Come back. I — (*Exit MRS. T.*)

(MR. T. rises, puts on his coat, and comes down.)

MR. T. (*after staring at the audience vacantly*). Great Scott! I never mailed that letter, and the Fortesque-Smiths

may be here at any moment. (*Throws himself in chair, and wipes his forehead with handkerchief.*) Let me think how it all happened! Yes, it was a rainy morning when she gave me the confounded letter, and I had my mackintosh on. I put the letter in this pocket of it (*putting his hand in the inside right-hand breast pocket of his coat*), and just as I was going the rain stopped, and the sun shone out, and I took off the mackintosh and hung it up in the hall, forgetting all about the letter. What's to be done now? They will be here inside of half an hour. (*Thinks.*) Yes, that is the best thing I can do. I'll go dress myself—meet them at the door—tell them that Nellie has the measles, or the small-pox, or something else contagious, and give them a dinner at a restaurant, and perhaps take them to a theatre afterwards. Anything rather than they should see poor Nellie's picked-up dinner. But they may get in here before I am dressed, so I'd better get rid of our ridiculous banquet. (*Clears the table, putting everything under it.*) Now that looks better! (*Hurries off L.*)

(*Enter MRS. T. at R. peeping.*)

MRS. T. Poor John. He has run off to dress himself, and escape, I suppose,—that's always the way with men,—they run away and leave us poor women to face anything unpleasant in domestic matters. It's a pity to tease the poor fellow, but something must be done to teach him not to be so careless. He took the letter from me, and promised faithfully to mail it—put it in his coat-pocket, and then hung it up—the coat, not the letter—right before my eyes, and went off to his office, and never gave it another thought. I was going to take it to the post-office myself; but fortunately Mr. Brown called, to see John, a few minutes after he had left, and I gave him the letter, and then thought out this little scheme to frighten John into being more careful in future. The cold dinner and the cleaning up was only part of my scheme to show how awful it would have been if the Fortesque-Smiths had come and we in such a state of confusion. But Good Gracious! where's the dinner? What's become of it? He can't have taken it with him. Let me see. (*Looks around room, and then under table, and falls into a chair laughing.*) Poor old John. He is off his head. Such a place to put the dinner. I wonder what he is doing now. (*Goes to door L. and looks through.*) Yes, there he is dressing as quickly as possible. What a hurry he is in! and oh—look!—look! he is trying to brush his hair with a hand-mirror! The poor man doesn't know what he is doing. Well, I'll keep the joke up a little longer, and then ease his mind, and let him have his dinner in peace. (*Rings bell.*)

(*Enter BIDDY at R.*)

BIDDY. Did you ring, ma'am?

MRS. T. Yes, Biddy, please lay the table again.

BIDDY. What am I to put on it, ma'am? shure, the dinner's disappeared entirely.

MRS. T. Oh! I forgot. You'll find it all under the table. Mr. Thompson put it there.

BIDDY (*aside*). Lord save us! Is the poor man gone crazy too? Shure, it's as much as my life is worth to stop in the house now. (*Stoops down and begins replacing the plates, etc.*)

MRS. T. Biddy, I think the time has come when I must explain all this nonsense that is going on. (MR. T. *appears at the door in evening dress and listens.*)

BIDDY. Just as you please, ma'am. Suit yourself.

MRS. T. Last Tuesday, Biddy, I gave Mr. Thompson a letter to mail. It was a most important one, putting off a dinner-party that we were to have given this evening to Mr., Mrs., and Miss Fortesque-Smith, people valuable to Mr. Thompson in his business, and whom he would not offend for the world. Well, Biddy, he actually forgot all about that letter, left it behind in his mackintosh, and if it wasn't that I was watching him, the Fortesque-Smiths would have walked in upon us this evening, and we quite unprepared. Well, the letter was mailed all right, for it happened that Mr. Brown called just after Mr. Thompson had left and I gave it to him. I wish Mr. Thompson was as reliable a man as Mr. Brown is. Well, maybe this evening will be a lesson to him. (MR. THOMPSON *leaves the room.*)

BIDDY. Shure, it's a pity, ma'am, to worry the poor gentleman like that; but you know your own business best. And now, ma'am, the dinner's ready again.

MRS. T. Thanks, Biddy, you need not wait. (*Exit BIDDY.*)

(*Enter MR. T. at L.*)

MR. T. Gracious Heavens! Nellie, what have you done? You have laid that confounded cold dinner again after I had put it away. Don't you know that the Fortesque-Smiths might have walked in while I was dressing?

MRS. T. (*pretending to be surprised*). The Fortesque-Smiths? What do you mean? Why, you know I wrote to them, postponing our dinner.

MR. T. Nellie, will you ever forgive me? that letter was never mailed.

MRS. T. Oh, John, John, you have ruined us! What are we to do?

MR. T. Nellie, don't stop to abuse me now: I know I deserve it, but we haven't time for it. Nellie, dear, you stay here and I'll meet them at the door, tell them that you are ill, and take them somewhere and give them a dinner. (*Going.*)

MRS. T. John, come back here, you old goose! (*Catches hold of him.*) I have only been teaching you a lesson. I want you to be more careful in future about mailing letters intrusted to you. Fancy, John, if that letter had not gone and the Fortesque-Smiths were to have —

MR. T. Nellie, don't stop me; let me go. I tell you the letter wasn't mailed.

MRS. T. And *I* tell you it was.

MR. T. But it wasn't, Nellie!

MRS. T. You're a nice man to contradict your wife like this, when I tell you —

MR. T. (*interrupting her*). Listen while there is time. I left that letter behind me in my mackintosh.

MRS. T. I knew that all along, you stupid man!

MR. T. Don't interrupt me, please. I recollected it ten minutes after I left the house and turned back to get it. On my way I met Brown.

MRS. T. Oh John, John, don't say you took it from him!

MR. T. I'm sorry to say, I did. He gave it to me, and told me that you had given it to him. I took it; and when I got to the office I found oil had gone up, and in the excitement I don't know what became of the letter; but I'll swear I never mailed it. However, we've no time to lose talking. Run to your room, Nellie, and dress yourself as quickly as you can, and it will look as if we had been expecting them, and then we'll set the house on fire. No, we won't do that, — we'll say the roof has fallen in, or the waterpipes burst, or anything. Be quick now, and I'll watch from the window and let you know when they are coming. (*Goes to window; gets behind curtains and watches* MRS. THOMPSON.)

MRS. T. Oh that horrid dinner! Why did I make Biddy put it back on the table! I must get rid of it in case they come before I'm ready. (*Begins putting dinner under table again.*) Are they coming, John?

MR. T. Not yet, dear. Make haste!

MRS. T. There! (*Clears the table.*) Now I won't be a minute dressing. (*Exit L.*)

MR. T. (*coming from behind the curtain, laughing*). Now I'm having my revenge with a vengeance! Poor Nellie; it is harder on her than it was on me. How lucky I overheard her telling Biddy about giving the letter to Brown! The joke would have been all on me if I had not found it out in time. While now we are quits, and can laugh over it together afterwards. By Jove, I'm fearfully hungry! Well, we'll have our dinner in a few minutes, as soon as Nellie is dressed, and I have my joke out. (*Rings bell.*)

(*Enter BIDDY.*)

BIDDY. Did you ring, sir.

MR. T. Yes, Biddy; will you set the table, please?

BIDDY (*looking at table*). Is it under the table again, sir?

MR. T. (*laughing*). Yes, Biddy; that's where it is. Mrs. Thompson put it there.

BIDDY (*down on her knees*). I'll be after goin' crazy myself, next, if this kind of thing goes on much longer.

MR. T. Biddy.

BIDDY. Yes, sir.

MR. T. Set plates and knives and forks for three more people, like a good girl.

BIDDY. Shure, there wouldn't be room, sir!

MR. T. Do as I tell you, Biddy; make room.

BIDDY. Very well, sir. (*Exit BIDDY.*)

(*MR. T. places three more chairs at table.*)

MR. T. I'll tell Nellie that I have a different plan — that we'll receive the Fortesque-Smiths, and that I think the dinner is quite good enough for them or for anyone else. She will be mad at the idea, and I'll have a little more fun at her expense before I tell her I was only joking. (*Goes back to window.*)

(*Enter BIDDY with dinner-plates, etc., and begins laying the table for five; enter MRS. THOMPSON in full evening dress.*)

MRS. T. What are you doing, Biddy, laying that wretched dinner again? Who told you to do that, you foolish girl? And what are those other chairs placed for?

BIDDY. Mr. Thompson told me for to do it, ma'am.

MR. T. (*coming from behind curtains*). Yes, Nellie. I have come to the conclusion that we had better brazen it out; and if the Fortesque-Smiths don't like the dinner, why, it must be because they were never sentimental and romantic people in their younger days.

MRS. T. Are you mad, John? I wouldn't have them sit down to a table like that for —

MR. T. Hush! Listen! I hear carriage wheels. (*Runs to window.*) Yes, here they come — in great style too — I know their coachman's plum-colored livery.

(*MRS. T. screams and falls fainting on sofa.*)

(*MR. T. rushes to her side while BIDDY sprinkles her face with water.*)

MR. T. (*remorsefully*). Nellie, Nellie! It's all a joke. The Fortesque-Smiths are not coming at all. They won't be here to-night.

MRS. T. (*recovering, and speaking in a faint voice*). What did you say, John?

MR. T. I say it is all a joke. You tried to make a fool of me, Nellie (*she sits up*), and I overheard you telling Biddy, here, about your having given the letter to Brown. I never got the letter from him, and you may make your mind easy about those abominable people.

MRS. T. You cruel man, do you know you have nearly killed me?

MR. T. Forgive me, dear; but you know it was only a case of tit for tat.

MRS. T. Well, I'll forgive you, John; but you must promise, if I do, to mail all letters I give you in future.

MR. T. I promise faithfully.

MRS. T. And, oh, you poor man, you must be awfully hungry: you have had nothing to eat yet.

MR. T. Hungry — I'm famished! Let us sit down again and dine, and Biddy, you can take away those extra chairs and plates.

MRS. T. No, Biddy, leave them where they are. They won't be in the way, and you can go now.

BIDDY (*aside*). They're quiet now. I hope they won't break out again. (*Exit BIDDY.*)

(MR. and MRS. THOMPSON sit opposite one another at table and laugh heartily.)

MRS. T. What a time we've been having!

MR. T. Yes; "After a storm comes a calm," you know. Let me help you to a little of this beef, dear. (*Helps her.*)

MRS. T. John, wouldn't it have been simply terrible if those people had come and we like this — and you, foolish man, to think for a moment of squeezing five people around such a little table.

MR. T. I was only joking when I suggested that arrangement.

MRS. T. I should think so! Why, Mrs. Fortesque-Smith would take up a whole side to herself, and she's small beside her husband.

MR. T. You don't think I was in earnest. Why, I'd shoot myself before I'd sit old Fortesque-Smith down to such a dinner. He'd be sure to tell everyone, and the papers would get hold of it, and we would never hear the last of it.

MRS. T. Well, let us think no more about it. Take a little of this cheese, John, I know you will like it: it was your favorite cheese once.

(*Enter BIDDY with a letter on tray; MR. T. takes it and puts it on table beside him. Exit BIDDY.*)

MR. T. Another interruption to our dinner; but I won't let it disturb us. I'll not read it until we are through.

MRS. T. Oh, read it, John! it may be something important.

MR. T. Woman's curiosity. Well, read it yourself, then, (*hands letter*) go ahead.

(MRS. T. opens letter, reads a little to herself, screams, and falls back in chair. MR. T. jumps up, runs around, and takes letter from her hand.)

MR. T. (*reads*).

"DEAR THOMPSON:

"I never can forgive myself! I never did such a stupid thing before in all my life! Mrs. Thompson gave me a letter to mail last Tuesday, I think it was, and well — I've got it still. Find out from her if it was important, and let me know if I am to mail it now or not.

Yours penitently,

"ARTHUR BROWN."

We're in for it now and no mistake. (*Runs to MRS. THOMPSON and supports her to the front.*) Nellie, Nellie, dear, rouse yourself; something must be done. (*Loud ringing of bell.*) Oh, Lord! here they come! quick Nellie, let us get these things out of sight! (*MR. T. runs to door and locks it, and then they both kneel down, MRS. T. half fainting and flinging the dinner under the table.*)

(*Knocking at the door, R.*)

BIDDY (*voice outside*). Open the door, please, sir.

MR. T. In a minute, Biddy. (*After finishing clearing the table MR. T. opens the door and BIDDY enters with telegram.*)

MR. T. What's this about? (*Tears it open and reads.*) Mrs. Fortesque-Smith to J. Thompson, Esq.

"Sorry we can't dine with you this evening. Mr. F. has attack of gout, tendency towards stomach. Pray excuse us."

MR. T. (*raising MRS. T. from the ground*). Now, indeed, we can breathe freely.

MRS. T. Oh, that Mr. Brown! I'll never speak to him again!

MR. T. Well it has turned out all right in spite of your having intrusted your letter to a "reliable man."

BIDDY. Will I take the dinner from under the table again, sir?

MR. T. No, Biddy, we have had two courses already, and we don't feel inclined for a third, do we, dear?

MRS. T. No, John; and do you know that I don't believe I'll ever eat cold meat again?

MR. T. Yes you will, and so will I; but if you invite any of our friends, don't forget to word your invitation this way: "Mr. and Mrs. Thompson present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, and request the pleasure of their company on such-and-such an evening, to partake of one of Mrs. Thompson's famous (*MRS. T. tries to box his ears*) one of Mrs. Thompson's famous 'Picked-up Dinners.'"

CURTAIN.

A NEW PLAY FOR GIRLS.

THE CHAPERON,

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS,

By RACHEL E. BAKER,

PART AUTHOR OF "AFTER TAPS," ETC.

Fifteen female characters. Scenery not difficult. Costumes, tennis gowns and modern street and evening gowns, with picturesque Gypsy costumes for Miriam and Jill. Time in playing, two and a half hours.

Price 25 cents.

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I. JACK AND JILL. A love game. Consins for sale. "My kingdom for a hairpin." The French teacher. A few conundrums. Miriam and Jill. The Gypsy's blessing. Nora and the French language. *Billet-doux* and Billy Manahan. An invitation. "I will be your chaperon!" Telling fortunes. THE TENNIS DRILL. Tales out of school. Joyce and the beggars. *The accusation*. Joyce to the rescue. "I cannot look into your eyes and believe you guilty." Under a cloud. The Gypsy's prophecy. "Miriam the Gypsy has spoken, and she never breaks her word."

ACT II. THE CHAPERON. In the studio. Nora and the man in armor. A spiritual manifestation. Eavesdropping. Locked in. The artist's model. A little lark. The bogus chaperon. The skeleton in the closet. Romeo and Juliet adapted. Miriam the Gypsy. The secret of the papers. "God be with them and with those to whom they belong!" Masquerading. Nora's jig. A surprise and an escape. The school-ma'am outwitted. THE MINUET. Jill and Joyce. The locket. "It means that the waif has found a home at last!" Sisters. The Gypsy again. "Your duty lies with them, make their lives as happy as you have mine."

ACT III. "LIKE OTHER GIRLS." A five o'clock tea. Anticipations. The French teacher again. A lesson in politeness. A nice hot cup of tea. Nora's revenge. Apologies. Mademoiselle's confession. I took it; it was only for ze revenge." Forgiveness. "*Rushing* tea." Confessions. From grave to gay. An Adamless Eden. Superfluous man: a few portraits of him. Explanations. The fulfilment of Miriam's prophecy. A mystery cleared. "The little one I mourned as dead is alive." Our chaperon.

A NEW PLAY FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS.

A Companion to "REBECCA'S TRIUMPH."

ANITA'S TRIAL; Or, Our Girls in Camp.

By ESTHER B. TIFFANY, author of "A Rice Pudding," "That Patrick,"
"Young Mr. Pritchard," etc.

Price, - - - - - 25 cents.

This is a bright and sparkling comedy in three acts, for eleven female characters. Its story is entertaining, and its dialogue distinguished by this author's delicate humorous touch. One scene only is necessary for the three acts—a camp in the woods, easily arranged. The dresses are simple and picturesque camping costumes. The enormous success of "Rebecca's Triumph" has created a demand for this sort of piece, to meet which we confidently present "ANITA'S TRIAL," in which is solved, with no less success than in its predecessor, the difficult problem of constructing a play of strong human interest without the assistance of male characters.

THE CHRONOTHANATOLETRON; OR, OLD TIMES MADE NEW.

An entertainment in one act for sixteen girls, written for the Class Day Exercises at Dana Hall School, Wellesley, Mass., by two members of the Class of '87 and first performed before members of the school and their friends, June 18, 1887, and later at Ellsworth, Maine, April 6, 1888.

Price, - - - - - 25 cents.

THE PEAK SISTERS.

A humorous entertainment for young ladies. Arranged by MARY B. HORNE. Any number of ladies may take part, but seven only are necessary. No scenery; costumes very simple. This laughable trifle meets with invariable success wherever performed.

Price, - - - - - 15 cents.

THE BOOK OF DRILLS.

PART I.

A group of entertainments for female characters for stage or floor performance, by MARY B. HORNE, the author of "The Peak Sisters," etc.

Price, - - - - - 30 cents.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., Publishers, 23 Winter St., Boston.

AN ENTIRE N

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 103 817 9

THE GREAT DIME SHOW

AN ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE SCENE.

By MARY B. HORNE,

Author of "THE PEAK SISTERS," "PROF. BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION,"
"THE BOOK OF DRILLS," "THE CARNIVAL OF DAYS,"
"PLANTATION BITTERS," ETC.

Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes simple; scenery an ordinary interior, or may be dispensed with altogether. Plays from half an hour upward, according to the number and character of additional specialties introduced. Printed exactly as first performed by the Unity Club, Watertown, Mass., on Friday evening, February 5, 1892.

This most amusing entertainment is a burlesque of the ordinary "dime-museum," so-called, but is entirely devoid of the vulgarity of its original, and perfectly adapted to church or home performance. The characters are, save the lecturer and her assistant, a wonderful collection of "freaks" of nature (somewhat assisted by art) who sing, dance or recite, according to their special abilities, in illustration of the explanatory lecture. It is most elastic in its requirements, can be played on any stage or platform, with or without scenery, and with a greater or smaller number of characters, according to taste or necessity. It can be made uproariously funny, and is in character as well as fact.

A SEQUEL TO THE PEAK SISTERS.

Price, - - - 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

SCENE.—The exhibition hall of Sister Keziah's Show. Sister Keziah's introductory lecture. Johnathan, the bashful assistant. Introductory hymn. Introduction of the "freaks." DANIEL MCGINTY *redivivus*. Daniel's song. LUCIA ZVIRATE, the celebrated Mexican dwarf. KIOTO, the shortest man alive, *not financially*. The wonderful MERMAID. The Mermaid's song. CASSIUS WHITE, the ossified boy. A "rocky" recitation. KALLULU, the only specimen of his kind in captivity; illustrated by cuts. SIGNOR GALASSI, the celebrated Glass Eater. Galassi sings. ALLEGRO PENSEROSO, the wonderful two-headed girl; not to be confounded with the more common two-faced girl. Two ways of eating a pickle. IDA and IONE, the Grecian maidens. RAPHAEL TINTORET, the blind painter, who paints blinds in full view of the audience. AH CHIN and WUN LUNG, the Chinese twins, extremely well connected from birth. "The Land of Tea." KA-FOOZLE-FUN, the Turkish vocalist. Grand finale and curtain.